

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 4

Christ in Gethsemane

Clouds roll above,—no stars in mercy shine;
A deeper darkness holds the garden cave;
The olive trees like hooded mourners whine;
Grief sweeps His soul, like ocean's angry wave.

Prostrate Christ prays: all ghosts of suffering come
In shuddering array, the Saviour's soul to sear:
The whips, the thorns, the cross,—the awful sum!
Drenched to the depths, he bows, in mortal fear.

But blacker visions rise: from every part
Like pelting raindrops marshalling the storm:
The sins of men,—all,—beat upon His Heart
And bend to earth the crumbling human form.

E'en this His dauntless spirit cannot crush—
The world redeemed! O sight that heals each woe!
That, men might rise to heaven's heights,—but hush!
He moans, he quails,—what is this bitt'rest blow?

Before Him looms my soul with all its deeds:
For it He kissed the Cross' bloodstained wood;
"Sins are my scourge and cross,—oh, stop!" He pleads.
My soul replied with blind ingratitude.

"This cup, O Father, take away from Me!"
He prays beneath this utmost pain brought low;
"Yet, no,—but as Thou wilt, so let it be;
I welcome all, that men love's lengths may know."

A. A. Thomas, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

CHALLENGED TO MORTAL COMBAT

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

In answer to a vigorous ringing of the bell, Father Casey opened the door and found a grimy, tattered lad with a note in his hand.

"Youse de priest?" queried the visitor.

"Yes, my boy—at least I am a priest."

"Dis is fer you." And he thrust a note into Father Casey's hand.

Fishing out a coin from his pocket, he handed it to the boy. "Could you use a dime? Here's one I don't need."

He was about to close the door, when the lad cried out: "Say, Mister, de gent wot sent dat note wants an answer."

"What is his address?"

"He don't want to be addressed; he wants it brung to him out dere on de curb. Lamp de guy wid de gray dip. Dat's him."

Father Casey opened the note and read: "Sir: If you are a man, step out on the street and meet one whom you have basely insulted. M. C. Hare."

He folded the note and said: "Tell the gentleman I am waiting here to give him his answer." He stepped out on the threshold and waited.

After hearing the boy's message, the stranger looked up, saw the priest, scowled, hesitated, but finally came.

"Mr. Hare, I believe," said Father Casey.

"Yes, my name is Hare. Did you, or did you not, tell my wife that she and I are not lawfully married? Now, don't seek a cowardly advantage by staying on your own property. Come out on the street and answer my question."

"Step into my office for a few minutes until I explain what I said and why I said it. That done, if you insist, I am willing to go out on the street, or anywhere else and answer any question you choose to ask me."

"I want a straight, yes, or no. Explanations are neither desired nor admitted."

"Since it is a question of what I said," returned the priest, "and since I know exactly what I said, and you do not, it is for me, not you,

to decide whether explanations are in order. I made you a manly proposition: take it or leave it." Saying this, he looked the visitor squarely in the eye, then turned to enter the house.

Hare saw that he had not intimidated the priest; accordingly he dropped something of his belligerency and gave a sulky assent:

"Well, I'll hear what you have to say; but make it brief."

"Brevity is my second name," said the priest. He led the way into his office. "Now, to the point. Do you believe in safeguarding the common good?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you hold that everybody should be allowed to do just as he pleases, irrespective of what effect his actions have on others; that, for instance, the man with the big automobile should keep the middle of the road, no matter how many Fords he forces into the ditch; that the hunter should blaze away at the deer no matter where his bullets fly; that the housewife should poison the rats in her yard, no matter how many of the neighbors' chickens die? Or do you, on the contrary, favor prudent regulations and wise restraint, so as to give everybody a fair chance?"

"Why, I favor the latter, of course; but what has that—"

"Pardon me! Then you believe in safeguarding the common good. Now, the more necessary a thing is for the common good, the more imperative that it be hedged about and protected by wise restraints. Am I right?"

"Apparently."

"In civilized Christian society, one of the things most necessary for the common good is the genuine Christian family. The Christian family has its origin in Christian marriage. Therefore it is imperative that Christian marriage be hedged about and protected by wise restraints. If you disagree with any of my statements, sir, you will please say so."

"Go on." Hare, interested though he was, felt loath to commit himself.

"There are certain things," the priest continued, "that are calculated to demoralize Christian marriage. I give an example: It would be bad if brothers and sisters were allowed to marry. It would be detrimental to the offspring; it would endanger the morality of brothers and sisters growing up together in the same house. I give another

example: It would be bad if people were allowed to marry privately without any witness or any document to prove that they were lawfully wedded (e. g., the old-time common law marriages). This would result in innumerable doubtful and disputed marriages, in blackmail, in uncertain parentage, in the deception and ruin of countless innocent persons. Here are two examples—there are more—of marriages which should be prevented for the sake of the common good. The only permanent and effective way of preventing them is for the proper authority to decree that such marriages, if attempted, are, from the outset, null and void."

"That would, without doubt, be the best way of preventing undesirable marriages," assented Hare, "but how could it be done? How could any authority prevent a valid marriage from being a valid marriage?"

"Nothing simpler," returned the priest. "Marriage is a contract, a sacred, a sacramental contract. Just as the State can, in the interests of the common good, make certain conditions necessary for the validity of civil contracts, so the Church can make certain conditions necessary for the validity of this sacred, sacramental contract. When these conditions are wanting, the contract is invalid."

"Hold on!" cried Hare. "When you say, 'the Church,' I suppose you mean the Catholic Church."

"To be sure! The Catholic Church is God's Church. As God can have only *one* Church, the other, so-called, churches are merely imitations."

"Sir, do you expect to make me believe such statements?"

"Of course not! I am making these statements simply because they are true, not because I have any thought of forcing you to believe them."

"I deny that they are true."

"I know you deny it. I am not seeking to convince you; I am merely trying to show you that what I said about your marriage follows logically from what I believe about God's revelation—that, holding what I do, I could not truthfully speak otherwise. Now listen; here is the whole thing in a nutshell: It is urgent for the welfare of civilized Christian society that Christian marriage be safeguarded. The only effective means of preventing unions that would be detrimental to Christian marriage is for the proper authority to rule such unions

invalid from the outset. Since Christian marriage is, not a merely civil contract, but a sacred, sacramental contract, the authority having jurisdiction over Christian marriage is not the State, but God's Church. Now, I know that the Catholic Church is God's Church. Don't you see, therefore, that I must regard as invalid any marriage which the Catholic Church holds to be invalid?"

"You may hold what you please about Catholic marriages. You have no business saying anything about my marriage; for neither I nor my wife are Catholics."

"But at least," urged the priest, "you admit that since I know the Catholic Church to be God's Church, I must hold as invalid the marriages of Catholics which the Catholic Church rules to be invalid."

"Yes, I admit that."

"Good! Now, let me show you that I must logically hold the same of the marriages of all baptized persons, whether they believe in the Catholic Church or not."

"That is something you can never show me," cried Hare.

"Wait! Men are made citizens of the United States by birth or naturalization. Should any citizen or body of citizens rebel against the authority of the United States and refuse to obey her laws or acknowledge her authority, the United States would not on that account consider them exempt. She would continue, for instance, to lay down conditions required by the common good for the validity of civil contracts. The contracts lacking these necessary conditions would, in her eyes, be null and void—even though they were made by the rebellious citizens who did not acknowledge her authority. Do you follow me?"

"So far, yes."

"In like manner," continued the priest, "one is made a Christian, a member of God's Church, by Baptism. He may rebel against her, deny her authority, refuse to obey her laws. That does not exempt him. When she rules, for instance, that a certain condition is necessary for a valid marriage, he, in spite of his rebellion, is bound by that law. If he attempts marriage without that condition, his marriage is, in the eyes of God's Church, invalid. God's Church has her authority from God. He promised to be with her all days, enlightening and guiding her. He declared that He would count obedience to her as obedience to Himself. Her approval is His approval; her condemnation is His condemnation. The marriage that is invalid in her

eyes, is invalid in His eyes." He paused a moment to see whether Hare would make any comment, then continued: "So far you must admit that I am right. Now, we go a step further. You and your wife have been baptized. Therefore, whether you submit to her authority or not, you are subjects of God's Church. I hold that God's Church is the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church has decreed, in the interests of the common good, that none of her subjects who are related within the third degree of kindred can contract a valid marriage. You and your wife are so related. Therefore, I must hold that, in the eyes of God's Church and in the eyes of God, your marriage is invalid."

"Well, I do not believe that the Catholic Church is God's Church," said Hare.

"That, my dear sir, is another question. You do not believe this fact most likely because you have never heard the proofs upon which it rests. Tell me when you can spare me a few evenings of your time, and I shall gladly lay these proofs before you. No doubt you understand how urgent it is for your own eternal welfare that you learn for certain which is God's Church."

Hare was evidently one of those men who are well content to get all they can out of this world without distressing themselves about the world to come. He coolly replied:

"Can't say that I'm interested."

"Well, at least I have given you the reason why I said that in the eyes of God and God's Church, your marriage is invalid. And I have offered to adduce the facts that prove my statement. You cannot in justice condemn me until you hear and judge these facts."

"So you people hold that all baptized Protestants are invalidly married and are therefore living in adultery."

"By no means!" cried Father Casey. "On the contrary, we hold that the vast majority are validly married. Only in an exceptional case, where they contracted marriage with a diriment impediment, is their marriage invalid."

"Everything that would be, what you call, a diriment impediment for two Catholics, would be a diriment impediment for two baptized Protestants, too, would it?" asked Hare.

"It would," the priest explained, "if the Church does not exempt Protestants. All baptized persons are subjects of the Church. Therefore, when she makes a universal law, it is binding on all, even her

rebellious subjects, unless she signifies the contrary. With many of her diriment impediments she expressly declares that they do not apply to Protestants."

"Why doesn't your Church exempt Protestants from all her diriment impediments? They don't give a rap for them, anyway."

"I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps she doesn't think it worth while to be making exceptions in her legislation for every organization of rebellious children that springs up, has it brief stay, and disappears, while she goes on unchanged forever. But pardon me. Do you still wish me to go out on the street and answer your question?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I am late for the office already, and," he added with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye, "if there is one thing I have learned this morning, it is that a busy man should never ask questions of a Catholic priest."

Christ and Moses

ST. JOHN, V. 45-47

JOHN ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Our newspapers are ringing with the controversies of Modernists and Fundamentalists. Our Encyclopedias have become the faithful echoes of theories devised by the so-called "Higher Criticism." In the minds of many, the landmarks of a former faith are being sapped by doubt or swept away in a hurricane of disbelief.

Did Moses really write the Pentateuch, those five books of Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy with which our Bibles open?

If we look into our up-to-date Encyclopedias we shall usually find the answer given in a flat and final negative. Take, for instance, the Standard Encyclopedia. Open it and read under the heading: "Pentateuch," and you will find it presenting the verdict of Higher Criticism. The work of Moses is weighed in the scales of Criticism, its claims to Mosaic authorship are found wanting, and it is divided into the conventional four documents which are duly assigned to an Elohist-author, a Jahwist-author, to a Deuteronomist-school, and to a Priestly-party. There is nothing left for Moses. If we examine the dates determined for the origin or publication of these documents, we are

told that the Jahwist and Elohist wrote "somewhere between 900 B. C. at the earliest, and 750 at the latest"; Deuteronomy is a "composite work," published in the main about 621 B. C.; the Priestly Code was "produced, probably before 400 B. C. There is also the usual retinue of Redactors who revise and unite these documents. The finishing touches were added about the time "of the Septuagint translation," which was begun toward the close of the third century B. C. Moses' life falls within the fifteenth century B. C. It is quite clear, then, that he could have had little to do with the writings that emerged centuries after his time. The views of the Critics are noised abroad on all sides. Let us bethink ourselves a moment, and calmly inquire into Our Lord's conviction on the subject.

CHRIST'S VIEW IN THE MATTER

(a) *The passage* that suggests itself at once is taken from the Gospel of St. John: "Think not that I will accuse you to the Father. There is one that accuseth you, Moses, in whom you trust. For if you did believe Moses, you would perhaps believe me also; for he wrote of me. But if you do not believe his writings, how will you believe my words?"

(b) *The argument* that arises from these words may be summed up in three statements:

1. Our Lord refers to Moses as the well-known, historic person.
2. He plainly states that this historic individual actually wrote.
3. He makes it equally clear that the writings of Moses are our Pentateuch. We may now examine these points more closely.

THE MAN

1°. Our Lord here refers to Moses as the well-known, *historic person*. First of all, this is made evident by the very fact that Our Lord alludes to the judgment of God. Here only individual and real beings will appear. Secondly, it becomes evident from the clause, "in whom you trust." Now, the Moses in whom they trusted is none else but the Great Liberator, who led them out of Egypt, who gave their law and ceremonies. The individual whose history is given with all desirable fullness of detail by St. Stephen, in his address before the Sanedrim. This discourse may be taken as a fair and true portrait of the Moses in whom they trusted. (Acts VII, 20-44.) Thirdly, it grows manifest when we gather together all the other references which Our Lord elsewhere makes to this same Moses. All these references

will form so many traits by which we are led to recognize the Moses whom we learned to know in our Bible-History classes of school days. We will confine ourselves to a few verses of St. John's Gospel where we meet with Our Lord's references to Moses. He instructs Nicodemus, and in the course of His lesson makes this statement: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him, may not perish, but may have life everlasting." (III, 14.) At once we recall the story of the fiery serpents in the desert as recorded in the Book of Numbers. (XXI, 4-9.) At another time he addressed the multitudes in Capharnaum: "Moses gave you not bread from heaven but My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is that which cometh down from heaven and giveth life to the world. Your fathers did eat manna in the desert and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven; that if any man eat of it, he may not die." (VI, 32-33, 49-50.) At once we recognize the Moses who brought down the manna upon the murmuring Jews. (Exodus, Ch. 16, and Numbers, Ch. 11.) Once more during the Feast of Tabernacles he preached to the Jews and in the course of his address made the bold statement: "Did not Moses give you the law, and yet none of you keepeth the law?" (VII, 19.) At once we remember the story of Mt. Sinai. These few traits are sufficient to identify the Moses whom Our Lord had in mind when he uttered the words quoted above.

THE WRITER

2°. This historic person *actually wrote*. Could human expression find words more direct and unequivocal than those chosen by Christ? (1) He plainly, pointedly states it: "For he wrote of me." In the original Greek in which St. John's Gospel was written, the demonstrative pronoun is inserted to make the reference to Moses sure and solid. (2) He insists on the actual writing by a double contrast. First, He contrasts the persons: Moses and Christ himself: as Christ himself was a definite, living individual, so, too, must Moses be understood. Secondly, he contrasts the expression of both which should be believed: As Christ expressed himself by spoken words actually spoken, so Moses expressed himself by writings actually written by him. As Christ is the author of His words, so is Moses declared to be the author of his writings. (3) He clinches the point by making it the whole ground on which his argument rests. While spurning

Christ, his hearers boasted of their trustful belief in Moses. Now, Our Lord makes a solemn appeal to the bar of God's Judgment and sternly affirms that Moses will there be their accuser. But why? By what right and title? Our Lord points that out in the words: "For he wrote of me." If Moses did not write, then our Lord's argument fails, His reasoning ends in a fiasco. On the other hand, if Moses actually wrote, then Our Lord's argument is solid.

HIS BOOK

3°. Moses wrote *our Pentateuch*. This is certainly implied by his words. (1) Right here, the phrase: "for he wrote of me," covers the prophecies about the Messiah and His work scattered throughout the Pentateuch. Besides, upon other occasions Our Lord quotes from the Mosaic books and avowedly ascribes them to Moses. He ascribed the Book of Deuteronomy to Moses when the Pharisees came to him with the question: "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife? * * * But he answering saith to them: what did Moses command you? Who said: Moses permitted to write a bill of divorce and to put her away. To whom Jesus answering, said: Because of the hardness of your heart he wrote you that precept." (St. Mark X, 3-5.) Now this matter of divorce is treated in Deuteronomy XXIV, 1-4. The Book of Leviticus is twice ascribed to Moses by name. In the Gospel of St. Matthew Our Lord bids the leper whom he had made clean: "Go, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift which Moses commanded for a testimony unto them." (VIII, 4.) The reference made points to Leviticus XIV, 2-4. (The other instance will occur in St. John VII, 22, compared with Leviticus XII, 3.) The Book of Exodus was assigned to Moses when Our Lord thus spoke to the Sadducees: "And as concerning the dead, that they rise again, have you not read in the Book of Moses, how in the bush God spoke to him saying: I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac?" (St. Mark XII, 26.) The reference leads us to Exodus III, 6. (2) The phrase: "his writings," must be understood according to the ideas of that age and the ideas of his auditors. But, then, it surely covers the entire Pentateuch as we have it to-day. We need not labor to prove this point, since even the most advanced critics admit it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

He who waits to do great things, will never do anything.

The Gamble

LORRAINE ORM'S DECISION

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

It was the close of the year. The Commencement Exercises at the Academy had just been finished and the students met their parents and friends to return with them to their homes. The chapel door swung open and LorraineOrm stepped out, her pretty face flushed with excitement. She had paid her last visit to Our Lord and to Our Lady in the chapel she had learned to love. Somehow she had always been attracted to the image of Our Lady.

There is no need to recite Lorraine's virtues. She walked among the girls as one of the ordinary run. If there was anything outstanding it was her generosity; she was generous to a fault. But there was in her also a strange love of pleasure, a sort of streak, a weakness, which, while she was under nobler inspiration, served to make her goodness sweeter and more attractive; but which, at times, took the upper hand. And then—woe to Lorraine!

Sister Alphonsa met her at the door to say good-bye. She pressed the girl's hand.

"Well?" she asked, and in that simple, expectant question lay all the confidences of past months. Lorraine understood, and the pressure she returned was meant to emphasize and confirm her answer.

"Yes, Sister; in September, I'll come. Pray for me."

"Surely, Lorraine, and gladly. I shall be waiting for you." With an affectionate wave of the hand, the Sister departed.

"What was that Sister said?" asked Lorraine's father, who had just come to meet his daughter.

Lorraine's chances were not nearly so good as her will. It was one thing when kneeling before the image of Our Lady, to be led on somehow to strive for the heights of perfection; it was another to see the stars amid the glare of the electric lights on Movie Row. It was one thing to feel the warmth of consecration and devotion to a noble cause when gazing into the eyes of a nun like Sister Alphonsa; it was another to keep that realization when in the auto on her way home from a dance with—Ray Roberts, for instance. Lorraine was thinking.

"What did she mean?" asked her father again, as the girl who had ignored his first question, walked by his side out of the Academy portals.

"She asked me to come back," replied Lorraine now. She loved her father, but she feared him. She knew one thing: He did not believe in going to the convent, at least not for his girls. Why his two daughters were all that he had! And Lorraine thought: If I go and do not persevere, I'll have no place to go, no home. It was a sore thought. She had often said to Our Lady: "No matter; you'll tend to that." But when she saw the look on her father's face, she lost confidence as she forgot Our Lady.

"To be a Sister?" queried he rather harshly.

"Oh, Dad," she replied. "Why not? It is a holy, a great thing—"

"Nonsense!" said he, interrupting her. "I've got Ray Roberts in the car. Say hello to him. You know he loves you."

Yes, she did know it. For during her last vacation, her father had seen to it that the two should be together on every opportunity. He liked Ray—and if he did, why should not she? It was Indian in principle; but he did not give that a thought. Lorraine did not love Ray, decidedly not, because her heart was set on the convent. But yet—it is hard to blame her—she liked to be thought well of, to be admired, to be made "the only girl in the world" by someone. At least, it was awakening feelings that had, unconsciously and consciously, been starved the year round.

"How do you do, Lorraine; what a pleasure to see you again!" said the young man, leaping out of the car. "Congratulations! My stars!" he continued, surveying her as he held the hand that had been given. "You do look splendid!"

"How do you do, Ray? Thank you for the congratulations!" Her cheeks were a beautiful red.

"You two sit back there and let me drive home," said Mr.Orm, taking his seat at the wheel. He smiled somewhat grimly, as he grumbled to himself: "That ought to take that convent nonsense out of her head!"

The two talked about the Commencement Exercises—Ray full of compliments for Lorraine. It was evident that for him she had been the center of all the glory.

"Well," he said at length, "it has converted me to one thing, anyway."

"What is that?" asked she interested; she had not heard him put such seriousness into any words before.

"What great things these Sister's schools are! If they can turn out such products as these girls, and especially you, Lorraine!"

"Do you think it is a great thing? So do I." And now all her dreams came back and a new glow spread over her countenance, making it more beautiful by the ideal shining through it. "I have been for years thinking it the noblest thing in the world to prepare young minds and hearts for life. Next to preparing souls for the battle of death as the priest does, I see nothing so grand as to fit them for the battle of life. Do you wonder, then, that I mean to give myself to this work?"

He turned sharply to look at her. He seemed to have been stung.

"You, Lorraine?" Surprise almost made him stammer. "But—but—you are a girl of such gifts—so beautiful—so attractive. A hundred men, if they knew you, would give you their hearts."

"Do you think that only those without gifts of mind and heart should give themselves to this work that you recognize to be so noble? Would you make beauty a bar to such a consecration? What do you think those Sisters are? Weren't they girls just such as I am? If you knew them you would see that they have by far greater gifts. Must it not be so? Must not those who are to build up women of charm and character be all that themselves?"

"Surely, surely," he hastened to admit. "But then—why they are all women unknown to us; they came from far-off cities, perhaps."

"But they must have been somebody's daughters!" replied Lorraine, smiling. "They must have been known to someone! Some city must have been their home! Some mother must have called them darling!" She hardly knew where her eloquence came from. It did not strike her that these thoughts were welling up out of the quiet moments she spent before the image of Our Lady.

"But your father could not get along without you! Think of your home!"

"Their fathers no doubt thought they could not get along without them," she countered.

"It seems just awful," he said despairingly, "to think of a girl, riding with me in the car, dancing with me often—light-hearted, happy, admired—shutting herself up in a convent!"

"Why should it be more awful for me than it was for them? And if the work is so noble, why should it be awful at all? Aren't we shut in by dance-halls, and cars, and parties? I should imagine the only thing that really shuts a person in, is a narrow and aimless life: that shuts in one's soul; the other only shuts in the body."

He was silent. His thoughts, however, tumbled through his mind in confusion.

"Can those Sisters leave at any time?" he finally asked, almost irrelevantly, though it was the logical sequence of his thoughts. "Don't they make vows, or something like that, to tie them down?"

"Oh, yes," Lorraine replied; "they make vows."

"For life?" asked he, as if to impress that on her mind.

"Yes, for life," she admitted. But before he could go on, she added: "Don't married people?"

"But," continued Ray along his own lines, "if they are disillusioned, deceived—I mean, if they don't find happiness in the convent, what then? Must they go on, like a caged canary, till they die?"

For a moment Lorraine did not answer. Was not this her sore question again? But now she did not see the image of Our Lady.

"What if you, Lorraine, were unhappy in the convent? Could you leave?" he persisted, making it personal; for he thought she was wavering.

"What if I were unhappy in married life? Could I leave?" she asked in her turn, not without some sharpness, as if she were nettled.

"But, but—" began he.

"They are sometimes—quite often—it seems," she resumed, breaking in on his stammering, "even though the wedding day was glorious, and the promises of courtship like peach blossoms in spring."

The car came to a sudden stop in front of a beautiful home.

"Here we are," shouted Mr. Orm. "Lorraine, welcome home!"

Ray Roberts jumped out of the car and running round, opened the door for Lorraine and helped her out gallantly.

"Come to see us evenings, Ray," said Mr. Orm. "We'll be here for some days before we travel."

"Good-bye," said Ray, holding the girl's hand and pressing it tightly. "Don't think too much about such things!"

"Good-bye," was her simple rejoinder. All the while she was thinking: what if I would not be happy? Of course, they can leave;

no one is holding them; they can get a dispensation from their vows—she had heard that said at the convent school. But, why do they make such a fuss about being unhappy when one chooses such a life, and never stop to ask one about that if she wants to make the marriage vows? People surely are illogical—she thought somewhat bitterly.

Her father watched her for a while. He could not make out, was she looking after Ray as he drove away with the car, or was she just a stupid girl?

"Aren't you coming in?" he asked with a tone of sharpness.

"Why sure, Dad," she replied, and she was her sprightly self again. What a feeling that was, to be at home, with no lessons to get ready, no school to look forward to, no Sisters to watch her or teachers to ask her stern and puzzling questions—no credits to worry about! She was a lady now. Home looked like something altogether new to her.

The summer proved a round of pleasure and excitement. While they were at home Ray Roberts often came to spend the evening, and that meant the pleasant sense of being adored; there were shows to which he brought her, and dances, when under the intoxication of the music and gayety, the admiration and flattery of young men and the flattering envy of young ladies, she felt as if exalted and strangely happy. This was life. Without knowing it, she was doing as Ray had said: "Don't think too much about such things." She was not thinking about them at all. Far from the church as they lived, she could not well get to Mass on week days, and on the first Sunday, her father awakened her too late to get to confession and communion.

By the next Sunday they were off traveling to see America. Her father believed it was good for his girls to see something of the world. They spent some time in Denver and in Los Angeles, where Hollywood naturally aroused her curiosity and awoke all kinds of sensations, as it would no doubt in any girl. Thence they went to San Francisco and Seattle, and finally, about the middle of August, came down to Chicago.

Here they stayed at the elegant home of a sister of Mr. Orm's—Mrs. Charles T. Forgan. It was their intention of remaining two weeks. Mr. Orm had some business to look after, so that Lorraine was obliged to take care of herself most of the time and enjoyed much freedom. Her cousin, Albert, was her usual escort to shows and dances. That far his duty went. Generally he brought her to the

dance-hall, and then went to look after his own pleasures, feeling sure that his beautiful cousin, Lorraine, would not lack attention. Nor was he wrong.

"There's a dance at the Lavender," said Albert on one of their first evenings in the city. "Care to go, Lorraine? It's a good place—public but exclusive."

"Certainly," replied Lorraine; "if you don't mind taking me."

"Not at all," said he. "You'll enjoy it, I know."

They had not been at the hall very long when a young man of faultless manner approached Lorraine and asked for a dance.

"Go ahead, Lorraine," said Albert, as she turned to him as if asking whether it would be proper. "I'll find a partner."

Lorraine swept upon the floor with her new-found companion.

"You dance well, exceptionally so," he began.

"Do you think so? I find it natural; music must have been drilled into me to the saturating point."

"Don't you love music?"

"Certainly, I do; I cannot resist it."

"You know what attracted me to you? Of course, your graceful dancing—but something else besides. You know you are the only one here who hasn't bobbed hair?" Lorraine had taken note of that fact already, but nevertheless looked around with feigned surprise. "I admire you for it," went on the faultless young man. "You know you have pretty hair and you don't care what the styles say. Isn't that independence of conventions? Isn't that a mark of character?"

And so the dance and the talk went on till the music halted. Lorraine looked around for Albert.

"Let's rest a while," she remarked.

"There's an ideal spot just behind those palms," said her companion, leading her almost without her noticing it. When they were seated and at ease, their conversation became freer.

"It is queer," he finally remarked, as they rose for another dance, "we've gotten on so well and don't even know each other. I am Gilbert Darrell, cashier at the First National. May I know your name?" he asked in the most engaging manner.

"My name is Elinor Marvel," she said, reaching out her hand. And a moment after she wondered why she had not given her right name. For the life of her, she could not make it out. It was just a

thrill of adventure. But now she had to go through with it. She enjoyed the companionship and the refined admiration of this man so much, that when on leaving, he reminded her that there were dances at the Lavender every other evening, she resolved to come while she could. She felt an unexplainable misgiving about it, but there was also a strange attraction, and without thinking any further about the matter, she came every other evening.

"How long will you be in Chicago?" he asked her one evening.

"We intend to leave in two days," she replied.

"In two days!" he exclaimed, as if the stars were falling out of his heavens. "Isn't that too bad! Really, Miss Marvel—Elinor, may I?—I don't know what I'll do without you. Life is so dull—but you have come into mine like an evening star full of promise. Couldn't you stay longer?"

"No; Dad must get home to his business, he says. So there is no way out."

"Then you must promise me one thing."

"What is that?" she asked.

"That you will let me call for you to-morrow evening and we'll have one whole evening to ourselves. I'll bring the car round. Where are you staying?"

"I'm staying at my aunt's, 1204 Magnolia. But," she added quickly, remembering that she had been going under a false name, "but I would not want you —"

"Oh, I understand," said he. "That's near the corner. I'll stop around the corner at 7:30. Will you meet me?"

"Yes," she answered, as the excitement of adventure came over her; "I'll meet you at the corner."

The next day was a day of strange elation. She paid a visit to the "Beauty Shoppe," and on the spur of the moment, had her hair bobbed. It made altogether a wonderful change in her; one would hardly have recognized her at first glance; even her manner was affected by it.

"Dad," she said that evening as the hands of the clock moved toward 7:30, "I'm going out; I may be late in coming home."

"Oho!" exclaimed he with mock seriousness. "Has Chicago gripped you at last?"

"Ha! ha!" she laughed, and went out with her bobbed hair for her only crowning glory. She meant to surprise her Prince Charming.

She stood a moment at the door to breathe the fresh air. It was just twilight and there was something quieting for her nerves in the stillness of the hour.

"Why!" she said suddenly to herself; "there come two Sisters. If it isn't Sister Alphonsa! Of all the world!" And she ran out to the sidewalk to make sure.

"Lorraine!" cried Sister Alphonsa; and simultaneously Lorraine cried "Sister Alphonsa!" There was a cheery laugh and a warm hand-clasp and a volley of questions. Sister Alphonsa and her companion were stopping in on their way back from summer school and the convent was just down the block.

"And I never knew it!" exclaimed Lorraine. She was once more the happy convent school girl, with all her old interests aroused.

While they talked, a big car rolled up to the curb at the corner. Lorraine looked at her wrist watch; it was 7:30. But she talked on with the Sisters. A few minutes, and a young man leaped from the car and walked by the chatting group up to the house.

"Does Miss Marvel live here?" Lorraine heard him ask.

"No, sir," replied her aunt, shaking her head with unmistakable surprise.

"This is 1204, isn't it?" asked the man, looking round for the number.

"Yes," came the answer, "but I don't know of anyone by that name."

As the door closed the man turned away. He was too puzzled to think clearly. Passing the group just beyond the gate, he gave a look of half recognition at Lorraine; but the bobbed hair and the uncertainty of the half-dark convinced him again.

"Pardon me for interrupting," he said, "do you know anyone by the name of Miss Elinor Marvel?" The Sisters answered:

"We are strangers here."

"No," said Lorraine, very quietly, "there is no Miss Marvel here."

The man took one more look at her and turned away.

"Come over to the convent with us, Lorraine," Sister Alphonsa coaxed her; "we must have a talk to-night yet."

The door of the automobile at the corner banged shut; the clutch resounded angrily; the engine purred harshly; the car swerved into the street and tore away furiously. Lorraine heaved a noticeable sigh.

"Gladly, Sister," she said in answer to the invitation put to her. "Come, let's go; give me that suitcase!"

At the convent Lorraine witnessed the happy meeting of the Sisters and in a short while it seemed as if mists had been lifted from her eyes and a coat of mail from her heart. Sister Alphonsa had her little talk with her, in which she cleared up a mystery. Lorraine's mother was not dead; she was divorced. Mr. Orm had told Sister Alphonsa to make it known to Lorraine whenever she thought best.

It was fairly early when she returned home.

"Dad," she said, flinging her arms around her father's neck, "we're going home to-morrow, aren't we?"

"Why, yes, Lorraine," said he, surprised; "but what's the trouble?"

"Oh, nothing. I want to pack my clothes and go to the convent."

"What? But, girl, what if you find yourself unhappy there—what then?"

"Dad," she countered, "are you happy?" He looked at her a while; in her eyes he seemed to read a new understanding.

"I think," he said at last, and there was a note of weariness in his voice, "happiness is quite a gamble here on earth, anyway."

"It depends, Dad," she replied, "on what we stake our chances."

In September she was in the convent.

WHAT'S BACK OF THE MAN WHO WINS?

This is the question asked in an advertisement for an Extension University.

We have a battle to fight and a course to run as St. Paul says—the prize and the goal of which is heaven. And we might ask, too, what's back of the man who wins?

Take the men who have won—the Saints. Back of their winning was God's grace and their own determination to win—a determination that made them shirk no means of salvation, refuse no sacrifice. Take those who have gone before in your own family circle—you find the same two powers: God's grace and the steady purpose shown in using the means of Salvation and avoiding all dangers. If you have the second power behind you, you can be sure that the first is present.

Are these behind you? You will win!

The Paths of Light

JOHN LAWSON STODDARD: CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

With a logic that must have been inspired by grace, John Stoddard had, in settling the question of infallibility, laid the foundation stone of faith. Once that truth was grasped: the Church is the everlasting voice of Christ—the Church is not a vague word, but a body with a head—the Pope, he had but to listen to Christ in His Church, and he was certain he could not be deceived.

Now, too, he knew, that no matter what that Church taught or commanded in Christ's name—however mysterious it might seem—it must fulfill all the deepest aspirations of mind and heart. It needed only a deeper consideration to bring it out. And every caricature of this truth now hurt him like blasphemies and sacrileges.

PURGATORY

He recalls the words of Mallock, the agnostic:

"As to the doctrine of Purgatory, time goes on, and the view men take of it is changing. It is fast becoming recognized that it is the only doctrine that can bring a belief in future rewards and punishments into anything like accordance with our notions of what is just and reasonable; and so far from its being a superfluous superstition, it will be seen to be just what is demanded at once by reason and morality."

In fact, this doctrine had been dear to Stoddard this long while. For, for many years he had cherished the following stanzas:

"O'er land and sea love follows with fond prayers
Its dear ones in their troubles, griefs and cares;
There is no spot
On which it does not drop its tender dew
Except the grave—and there it bids adieu
And prayeth not!

"Why should that be the only place uncheered
By prayer, which to our hearts is most endeared,
And sacred grown?

Living, we sought for blessings on their head;
Why should our lips be sealed when they are dead,
And we alone?

"Shall God be wroth because we love them still,
And call upon His love to shield from ill
Our dearest, best,
And bring them home and recompense their pain,
And cleanse their sin, if any sin remain,
And give them rest?

"Nay, I will not believe it. I will pray
As for the living, for the dead each day.
They will not grow
Less meet for heaven, when followed with a prayer,
To speed them home, like summer-scented air
From long ago."

THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE

"The obligation to confess one's sins to a priest," he says, "and to obtain from him, as God's appointed agent, absolution, is doubtless one of the hardest things for a non-Catholic to submit to." It was a difficulty for him, too: "My prejudices against the confessional had been of many years' standing, and I did not know at first whether I could overcome them. I soon saw, however, that the question was not whether I like the system or not, but whether it was founded on Christ's teaching and the command of the Church."

"First, did Christ establish it? I had to acknowledge," he replies, "that He did. His words are unmistakable." Then he goes over the words of Christ in St. John, Chapter 20, verses 21-24: "'As the Father hath sent me, I also send you'; and immediately after saying this, and in connection with these words, He added: 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.' * * * Now, if these words mean anything, they indicate that Jesus gave to His Apostles a commission to forgive sins in His name; and since that act would be impossible on their part, if they did not know what sins had been committed, these must first be made known to them through confession."

But was this power to stop with the Apostles? Certainly not. For, reasons Stoddard:

"It is also noteworthy that the duty to give or withhold the forgiveness of sins, as His representatives, is just as clearly stated as the duty to preach the Gospel. Since, however, it was manifestly impossible for the first Apostles themselves to go into all the world and bring the glad tidings to everyone, it cannot be supposed that the duty and the power of hearing confessions and giving absolution was limited to those men only, and that so marvelous a source of grace and mercy should be closed with the completion of the Apostles' lives."

"Confession, therefore, not merely to God alone (as so conveniently taught in the denominations), but also to His authorized representatives in the Church, is the system instituted by Christ, and bears with it the privilege of obtaining from them in His name the assurance of absolution."

But the way in which he clears up his prejudices and sees the divine fitnesses in this institution at once so hard and so appealing to human nature interests me most. Take, for instance, this sane and common-sense reasoning:

"Probably one reason why our Saviour did not think that such private confession to God alone to be sufficient, lies in the fact that self-deception in such cases is so easy.

"One is apt to consider remorse and repentance as one and the same thing! Remorse, however, is involuntary; repentance is voluntary, and includes a genuine sorrow for the act as *sin*. Everyone is inclined to fancy that his penitence is sincere and that his sins are pardoned, if no one else is aware of them, and if no one else tests his professed sincerity—that is to say, *if he himself is both judge and criminal!* But a dispassionate confessor, understanding well, through many revelations of the human heart, the weakness of human nature, is certainly less liable to be deceived, particularly as he is bound by solemn vows to judge the case as the representative of God."

His further reasoning is really acute; he says:

"Moreover, there is something more than confession in the Catholic Sacrament of Penance. That is only the fourth part of it; the other three factors are Contrition, Absolution and Satisfaction. The last is very important. Catholic dogma claims that a certain amount of temporal punishment is due in this world, even for sins that God has

pardoned, and that for these some 'satisfaction' must be made, in the sense of reparation. When a Protestant confesses his sins to God alone, even though he be genuinely repentant, his only incitement to make reparation for his evil deeds is his own feeble will.

"The Catholic Church, however, has from the very beginning insisted that there should be some other judge of the repentance of the sinner than the man himself; and has demanded of the penitent *proofs* of his sincerity in the form of penance, reparation and good works. Such proof the non-Catholic rarely thinks of giving, because he is not called upon to do so; and even if he should voluntarily impose upon himself some penance, such as the restitution of ill-gotten wealth, reconciliation with his enemies, retraction of a calumny uttered, the renunciation of some harmful pleasure, or the avoidance of persons or occasions tending to temptation, it would not be so easy for him to carry these duties into execution, as would be the case if they were commanded by someone else, who subsequently would inquire with authority whether they had been done."

In fact, his remarks on the Sacrament of Penance are so enlightening they deserve to be widely known. They would remove many a misconception.

OTHER DIFFICULTIES

In such a way he passes in review, one after the other, all those teachings of our Church which, in particular, have proved stumbling blocks or bugbears to those outside. Does not this, for instance, show the fitness and reasonableness of prayers to Our Lady and the Saints?

"Why should we not pray thus to Christ's Mother and the Saints? Do we not often ask an earthly friend to pray for us, and have we not abundant warrant in the Bible for so doing? St. Paul writes: 'Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake * * * that you strive together in your prayers to God for me.' (Rom. XV, 30.) In I Thess. V, 25, he writes: 'Brethren, pray for us.' * * * But if it be a Christian duty to ask a friend on earth to pray in our behalf, why not request the same friend, when he has left this world, to pray for us in heaven? * * * Why admit the agency of evil spirits, yet deny the influence of good ones? On what authority? Certainly not on that of the Bible. Scripture teaches us that souls in heaven retain their love for us, and that they are to some extent at least aware of what transpires here. Jesus Himself assures us:

'There is joy in the presence of the Angels over one sinner that repenteth.' But how can they rejoice over our repentance *unless they know it?* * * * And in the book of Revelations (Apocalypse) we read (VIII, 3) of an Angel whose duty it is to offer the prayers of all saints upon the altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God." * * * And so on.

Miracles, Veneration of Images and Relics, Persecutions for Heresy by Catholics and Protestants—all are considered.

In fact, he was now ready for the Final Step.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

TIMES CHANGE—AND WE?

The sudden change in the controlling power in English political circles has aroused the attention of the world at large, but nowhere more than here in America. It is of interest to note the attitude of Catholics toward the new government in England; and the corresponding attitude of the government toward Catholics. Where, a few years ago, it was a matter of opprobrium, not to say of positive crime, to be a Catholic, now it is a matter almost akin to prestige. One candidate in the recent elections, the notorious H. G. Wells, made an attack upon Catholic education, and ended at the bottom at the polls. All three parties in England have Catholics in their enrollment. A Catholic has been sent to the United States as a representative.

Meanwhile the drama has been progressing here in America. The Teapot still continues to boil, and more reputations are stewed till worthless as the process of boiling goes on. And election time is nearing. The need of a candidate with a "clean" record becomes paramount. And the eyes of a good many of the thinking voters, Protestant as well as Catholic, turn toward two gentlemen whose records so far have been politically stainless. But they are Catholics!

Has America changed with the years? Is Knownothingism dead? Is it a matter of practice as well as theory that religion plays no part in politics? It is up to the leading political parties to adjust themselves to American ideals; for if they do not—well, we shall see what we shall see.

Colleen Alanna!

III. THE LETTER FROM HOME

J. W. BRENNAN, C.S.S.R.

"Well, I like his nerve!" A compact opened with a snap; a vicious dab; a spiteful smudge of white powder on the southwestern extremity of a dainty nose; the compact closed with another vicious snap; a thump or two on an innocent typewriter—youthful indignation.

"You tell 'em, Daisy. The idea; a newcomer gets a raise right over our heads—and we slaving here for eight hours a day, with a half off for lunch, for fifteen per. I've got a good notion to strike!"

While the speaker rearranged her marcelled hair to give the artificial curls longer life—a permanent did cost so much—a group of the office girls gathered around to see what it was all about. It was just a few minutes before office hours in the morning and the stenographers and clerks made good use of the time. Completion of hasty hair-dressing accompanied by rapid-fire exchange of gossip on the "doings" of the previous evening generally carried them over till it was surely after eight o'clock.

To-day there was a new topic. The new clerk of the filing department, they called it "the Jail," had received an unprecedented raise in salary.

"I saw the record," insisted the first speaker. "I had to make a memo for the boss to enter it. And it's a healthy raise, too."

"Maybe she's earned it," remarked one of the later arrivals, her rouged cheeks bent in a meaningful smile. "You never can tell—with these goody-goodies, I mean." She flung a heavy fur wrap from her shoulders as she spoke.

Immediately there was dissention in the camp. All thought of the impending strike was forgotten—the strike was broken before it had begun.

"Ring off that number, Miss Miles; it's the wrong one. Aileen may be popular with the boss—sometimes he does show good judgment—but the reason is that she's a whole lot better worker than most of us; you've got to give it to her. And if she's got a raise, I'm here to tell the world she earned it, by doing a full eight hours' work for a day, and nothing more."

"Huh!" sniffed the owner of the fur wrap. "You Catholics naturally stick together. Slow, silent, and deep, as usual. I thought you, Miss Weston, had learned better at the University."

Adele Weston's lips tightened and her fist clenched. She recalled, however, that she was going to Communion every morning during Lent, and controlled herself, then spying Aileen entering, she hurried over to greet her. As she passed her tormentor, she murmured, "At the University I passed with honors; that's why I am more than a key-pounder here; and I learned to put the proper value on a girl who will sell her Faith for—"

"For what?" flashed the other.

"Oh, nothing, Miss Brown—or less!" And she hurried over to bid Aileen good-morning.

Aileen, elated over the surprise she had received when they received their pay-checks the previous evening, had no idea of the jealousy her good fortune had aroused. When Ralph Whitney entered the office later in the morning to congratulate her on her success and to tell her how his father had boasted of the clerk his department had acquired, she could only smile her thanks. She knew it was merely his friendly thoughtfulness that had prompted him to take the trouble to bring her this encouragement. And she appreciated the friendly act. But her elation and her gratifying sense of the presence of friends was jarred not a little at a conversation held near her desk and in tones just loud enough for her to hear it.

"Yes, she did get a generous raise. Oh, pull, of course. That's all that gets you anywhere nowadays. With whom? Haven't you eyes, child? Didn't you see the boss's son come in just now. Well, then, guess again." The speaker started to pass on, but a new voice arrested her and caught Aileen's attention.

"Cat! I saw you pull off this stunt!" Aileen looked up in surprise as she distinguished the voice of demure little Adele Weston.

"Just try that once more, or make one more allusion to Miss Murphy's work or salary, and I'm going to tell the girls about the show I saw last night; I don't mean at the Madison Theater, but outside. You remember; the cheap comedian called a Yellow cab—knighthood in flower and all that—the heroine entered, then his honor, and they drove around the corner to a second-rate ice cream parlor, but forgot to pull the shades of the cab. Oh, it was good! Better than any

screen comedy I ever saw. But the rest of the crowd around there missed the finale."

"Crowd!" gasped Miss Brown, too mortified to become angry.

"Sure thing; heap big crowd! But I got my money's worth. When I had purchased what I was after and was on my way home, I saw the economical swain leading his lady fair as they walked home. I think the girls would enjoy a yarn like that." But she found herself talking to space. Miss Brown took refuge in the rest-room.

"Miss Weston!" exclaimed Aileen, shocked, "I never thought you could be so mean."

Adele's round face broke into a big smile.

"Just got to treat 'em rough, Aileen. Ever since I heard the priest—"

"Priest? Are you Catholic?"

"Yes, ma'am; a bona fide member of the K. K. K., which being translated signifies Kikes, Koons, and Catholics. Well, to remove the scandal I may have given you, I heard a priest say last Sunday, about how many girls and boys lose their faith and the priest is unable to reach them; but that we can, and when we can, we should do our best to save them. Well, I happen to know that poor Miss Brown is going with a bad egg, a real rounder. And I'll bet the first box of Huyler's that I get after Lent, that he's as good as gone now. That's what made her lose her faith, you see; so—"

"But I don't understand," remarked Aileen. "What is a rounder?"

"No account white trash of the male species; to know more you have to be sophisticated; and for heaven's sake, dearie, don't get sophisticated; for once you get there, you never get back."

She nodded her head briskly, tossed a kiss with the sheaf of bills she was carrying and hurried over to her desk.

Aileen made it her business to take the privilege of a half hour's rest that morning and found Miss Brown curled up on the couch in misery. Seating herself on its edge, she tried to comfort the sobbing girl.

"Oh, get away!" A rough push almost sent Aileen to the floor.

"Don't be silly, Miss Brown; they will soon think you are ill and will be calling a physician or something. Here, take this handkerchief and bathe your eyes. You'll have to be at your desk soon or there will be talk."

"I can't. I can't go back there. By this time they all have heard—"

"Absolutely nothing," returned Aileen crisply. "Miss Weston knows very well that it would be wrong to do such a thing."

"Well, why did she say such things—"

"Lots of reasons, some good, some bad; but one good reason was to make you think a little bit." There was no more conversation; a few dashes of cold water, a few more of the inevitable powder, and the office looked up amazed to see the two supposed enemies walking down one of the aisles together.

"The lion and the lamb, sure enough," giggled Miss Weston to her typewriter; the machine made a good listener.

When office hours were over that day, Ralph Whitney was waiting at the door to meet Aileen. A buzz of comment began among the girls, but was promptly silenced by a caustic comment from Miss Brown. She had done some thinking throughout that day and this was the result.

"Your aunt's orders, Miss Murphy; she was unable to come this evening so I have come to get you instead. There's to be a concert in the parish hall in behalf of the Irish White Cross and she's busy with some preparations. So with your leave, we can get something to eat in town and drive out in time for the music. Is it all right?"

Aileen hesitated. She really had intended to travel at least part of the way with Miss Brown; she knew her aunt would have agreed. And incidentally she had intended to put into practice the hint Adele had dropped by tactfully encouraging Miss Brown to return to the practice of her religion. Her reverie was interrupted by a light exuberant voice at her side.

"Hello, Ralph! Why so serious?" Adele smiled mischievously.

"Good evening, Miss Weston; I am trying to convince this young lady that she should be obedient to her beloved aunt and guardian. Possibly with your assistance, I may be able to succeed. Would you join us at dinner, then come with us to a concert to be given in our parish hall this evening?"

"Really, I don't know, Ralph. I'll have to call up mother. They will be expecting me, and if I don't appear promptly, dad and the boys will be out on a search party."

"There's a telephone in the office," suggested Ralph with a grin.

She swung around like a top, dashed up the stairs and was gone.

"Now, you have done it," remarked Aileen dryly. "Did you tell my aunt of these plans? She will worry as much as my mother would if she were here."

"Fear not; thy aunt and my mother are both engaged in the same work; dad and the rest have to scramble for their dinner at home. I happen to know my sisters' cooking—domestic economy stuff—so I volunteered and so forth. They both appreciate my wisdom, prophesy a brilliant career in business as a result of the foresight displayed and your aunt gave my wisdom a practical turn by suggesting that I get you at the same time."

"O. K.," shouted Adele from the door step. "We'll have to hurry; there will be no places left in any restaurant."

"Hah! Note my business foresight, ladies," murmured Ralph. "I reserved three places on my way here."

"Three!" ejaculated the girls. "How did you know—"

"Didn't!" He threw in the clutch, wormed his way through the traffic for a moment, then continued: "There was only one table left; it had three places, so I reserved the whole business. I hate to have music with my meals—and we're going to have soup—and you never know who the third might be. So that's that."

Ralph's friends would have marveled at him that evening. He was noted for not doing what the rest did; he had lost whatever aloofness came to him from the training his father's wealth had brought him, in the mud and grime of the trenches. And he had come back from the front with a view of life and its relations vastly different from those he had carried across. For one thing, the strain of battle and the constant thought of the proximity of eternity had given him an appreciation of his religion he had not had before. With such interest, it was not strange that he should enter more earnestly into the social life of his parish. The young men's club, the amateur dramatic society, the Holy Name Society, had been like new experiences, and he felt he had profited by them. Certainly, he had gained in the value of the friendships contracted. In fact, it was at one of the entertainments given by the parish club that he had met Adele Weston, who had been borrowed from her parish club to increase the strength of the home talent. And that friendship—now—well, he did not know. He had thought, perhaps, it might be more; but since this strong-hearted, high-principled girl had come from abroad, he did not know.

They passed a church and he lifted his hat. A sudden exclamation caused him to keep his arm suspended in surprise.

"Look, Aileen," Adele gasped. "Hurry,—over there,—coming out of that church."

"I don't see anyone in particular," remarked Aileen as they swung past.

"Maybe I am dizzy, but I would be willing to swear that I saw Miss Brown coming out of that church." She looked back through the rear window in the coupe. "Now I am sure; there is no mistaking that coat and hat."

"And what's wonderful about Miss Brown?" queried Ralph, as he prepared to park.

"Nothing, now that Aileen converted her."

"I don't know about that, Adele. If anything short of the grace of God woke her up, it was that tongue-lashing you gave her, poor thing."

"Let me in on this missionary story," remarked Ralph. "There will be no dinner till the mystery is settled. I am interested in missionary affairs."

"You've heard that part in the Gospel on Sundays about St. Paul the Apostle, haven't you?" asked Adele sweetly.

"Of course, and what's that got to do with Miss Brown?"

"Well, like St. Paul, I sowed the seed with a sharp reminder, and Aileen watered it with tears or something, at least her handkerchief was wet—and—" she spoke reverently, "God gave the increase. I am glad." Ralph Whitney marveled within himself, and his memory marked down another lesson he had learned.

During the concert he was to learn more. It seems that knowledge of a character is slow in coming, like a flower pushing its way into the notice of the world; but once it has been seen, knowledge grows with amazing swiftmess. As they listened to the various numbers of Irish folklore sung by a young tenor from Ireland, it seemed to Ralph as though the very music gave him an insight into Aileen's character. And when the songs changed to those depicting the struggle of her homeland for freedom, with their reiterated expressions of hope and courage and promise of persevering effort, he had but to glance at her tense face and beaming eyes to see there beside him the living counterpart of the spirit those songs described.

There was an intermission of a few minutes in which friends conversed on the latest news from across the sea. One of the young men who had accompanied the singer came down the aisle to Aileen's aunt and handed her an envelope. While chatting with them, he gave out some news that spread through that section of the hall like wildfire. It reached Aileen's tense ears in snatches.

The mail from the Dublin Castle had been robbed; airplane had been decoyed by Republican troops and important dispatches captured. Two officers of Gen. Collins' staff had led the party. Done within sight of the Castle and the Black and Tan guards. One of them, later, had been captured; a crack shot who had volunteered to cover the retreat of his chief from the vicinity. The name came back—whispered—Donovan. It meant solitary imprisonment—perhaps torture—surely death. She clenched her hands; there were many Donovans in the service—perhaps—she prayed—it was not Ted.

Meanwhile the singer had resumed his program. His first selection was the old favorite, "She is Far from the Land." Aileen had heard it hundreds of times; to-night it struck her with peculiar force. A feeling of acute nostalgia came over her; an intense longing to rush for the first steamer of any description that might be sailing. Longing for home; unknown fear for what might be happening there; an overpowering yearning to do something active in the cause made the song seem more like an accusation, personally directed to her, than a ballad of love and hope. She felt hot tears trickling down her cheeks. Ralph noticed her as she passed her handkerchief over her eyes. It seemed to him, then, that the entire picture of her beautiful soul lay spread before his gaze. Such a girl was one in a million, one in the whole world, and he resolved that she either would not return to Ireland—or they would go together, to stay.

Before the party broke up after the concert, plans had been made by Mrs. Rooney to have Adele come out to her home for the week-end. Ralph managed to have his family become part of those interested, so that a program resulted which was guaranteed to keep the girls busy during the entire available time. On the journey to Adele's home, the trio discussed weather prospects, plans and incidental features of the coming week-end; and afterwards, Ralph was forced to resolve a wonder that had arisen in Aileen's mind.

"Adele working?" He laughed. "She's working on a dare.

Her father happened to make a remark one day about the idle uselessness of educated women. Adele was going to the University at the time. I guess she was taking things easy at the time, at that; but she determined to show him a thing or two. Now she accepts nothing from him; pays her way as she goes. Maybe the old boy isn't tickled. He's so proud of her that you almost have to strangle him to check the flow of eloquence when the subject is mentioned."

It was a gay party that assembled in Mrs. Rooney's beautiful home for the week-end party. The day had been all that could be desired; bright and clear with a breeze from the ocean that made the blood tingle but did not cause discomfort. After Mass in the little parish church, the two girls had played tennis, swam, and rested till it seemed to them almost a crime to think of returning to the office the next day.

In the evening, the Whitney family acted as hosts; it was then that Aileen saw a new side of Ralph's character. That he was admired by many of the girls was nothing to wonder at; that they should spare no pains to impress their admiration on him, was another question. He seemed to be unconscious of it all; to take it as a matter of course; possibly to despise it but being a gentleman, to feel constrained to disguise his real feelings. However, when these girls noticed his open attentions to Aileen, his evident care to provide every little convenience that might add to her enjoyment, they began to shift their attention to her. And the attack astonished her by its subtlety.

A casual remark on the situation in Ireland opened hostilities. Reference to murders, mail robbery, general lawlessness, casually made when the older people were well out of hearing, finally drew a rejoinder from the girl. Adele in passing noticed the conversation in progress, and glanced at her friend. Taut lips, flushed cheeks, an angry gleam in her eyes, were enough to apprise her of the turn the conversation had taken. She quickly made her way over to Ralph.

"Better get a move on you, Sir Knight. Those vamps are going to annihilate the maiden fair."

"What's up, Adele?"

"Nothing much, except that crowd think they are being crowded on the home-stretch to the goal of your affection, and are proceeding to verify the trashy mating novels they have been reading by trying out for the survival of the fittest."

Ralph was astonished. With soldier-like directness, he managed to get into the discussion and defend Aileen's point of view. With dainty grace, one of the girls turned on him.

"Well, why don't you go over there and fight for them?" She smiled as though the idea were preposterous enough to be a joke.

"I've had a good share of that sort of thing; but even then, I may go over to Ireland. My buddies and I thought we were fighting for Democracy, but it seems the job isn't done yet, and the Irish boys are still at the job we left unfinished."

Mrs. Rooney relieved the situation by calling Aileen aside to hand her a letter. She had mislaid it the night of the concert and had just found it, tucked away in her handbag. Aileen wished an excuse to be alone, and pleading anxiety over affairs at home went out to read the note.

She wandered down to the shore, where the moonlight seemed bright enough to enable her to read. But the note had been written in pencil, so she put it aside, and dreamed. All the poignant feeling of the night of the concert returned. She looked out over the water, sheeted now in silver. Miles away her dear ones were needing her, perhaps praying that she would come back to them. Oh that longing would bring wings!

A sharp step sounded on the gravel; a flashlight shot its gleam on her. Ralph had brought the light so that she might be able to read.

As he drew near, the sight of the girl silhouetted against the gleaming water, frail, slight and yet so strong, brought back to him, too, the recollection of that concert night and his resolve.

"I thought you would want to read, so I brought a light, Aileen; now I am sorry I did it. That letter may have bad news; I hope it has not." He extinguished the light. Together, they stood just beyond the edge of the waves, looking out over the expanse of water as though they would survey the shores of the island about which they were thinking.

"And before you read it, Aileen—I want to—well, I wanted to tell you; piffle! Zero hour was nothing compared to this. But, if you are going back, suppose we go together. Father Kelly in town will attend to it, and we can take the first boat. I love you and I love your cause. What do you say?"

"Suppose I read the letter, first, Ralph," she said gently. She hated the thought of hurting him. "It may affect my answer."

He held the light as patiently as he could. He knew that she was not trifling. She was different. It was a note from Mike, telling of his escape from the enemy and Ted's capture. And enclosed there was a letter, rather a bit of a message they had found in the road the day after Ted's capture. It was scrawled on a piece of wrapping paper.

"Tell her," it ran, "I did my duty, and I love her. God be with ye all." There was a smudge on the last word—blood. The girl gave a low moan, and sank to her knees in the sand, her shoulders shaking with her sobs. And Ralph knew his answer.

"At least, Aileen, I can be your friend," he said as he raised her up.

"And his—and his," she murmured through her tears.

"And his!" he answered bravely.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LIFTED UP

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all things to myself." Our Lord Himself in these words foretold the power of His Cross and frequent meditation upon it.

Try this recipe: Some day, all by yourself, in some quiet moment of the morning or the night, go in spirit to Calvary, and,

(1) Look at the persons—at Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, considering their demeanor, trying to read their inmost thoughts, and then reflect on yourself and see what you can gain;

(2) Listen to the words spoken: weigh them well and compare them with your words in trial or suffering or offense;

(3) Watch the actions: what is done to Our Lord and by Him—contrasting it with your own actions;

(4) Consider how much he suffers and wishes to suffer for us: how much, in how many different ways, how willingly, how forgetful of Himself and thoughtful only of us—how He suffers not for men vaguely, but for you in particular.

Then speak to Our Lord and Our Lady about your findings.

Wrongs and offended dignity are, if possible, worse victims of the tyrant imagination than weak nerves.—*Donnelly*.

Catholic Anecdotes

BEAUTIFUL CHILDHOOD AND BEAUTIFUL MOTHERHOOD

Father Bernard Vaughan, the celebrated London preacher, gives the following account of the ways of his saintly mother with her children:

"Well do I remember how we used to rush at her, coming into the nursery, to see who should be the first to kiss her hand with reverent devotion. Then she would sit on the floor with half a dozen of us clinging to her, while she would give us her little crucifix and medals to venerate and fondle, or perhaps take out her watch and placing it against the ear of one of us, would say:

"'Life is passing away just like the ticking of this tiny watch, but when the little heart stops beating here, we shall know that God didn't wind it up any more, because He wanted you home with Him for a never-ending holiday.'"

He also described the routine of the evening in that home, before putting the children to bed:

"Of course, we used to kneel round her lap morning and evening to lip after her our childlike prayers, and then were carried off, two in her arms, and others clinging to her skirts, to the chapel where, on great feasts, we were privileged to kiss the altar-cloth or even the altar itself. Our mother reminded her children that, there in the tabernacle, One who loved us more even than she did, was always abiding, ever ready to greet us when we went to see Him."

But above all she had devotion to the Passion of Our Lord. Father Vaughan continues:

"Our mother thought that it was her duty to teach the little ones in the nursery all manner of childlike practices, while the bigger children would often have their lessons interrupted for a moment by her coming in to remind them not to forget God and His presence in their midst.

"But it was of Our Lord's Agony in the Garden and of His Sacred Passion and Death that she never tired to remind us:

"'Look at those dear Five Wounds,' she would say; 'fancy all that pain suffered and all that Blood shed for you. You must never forget, no matter how long you live, to love more than anything on earth those Five Precious Wounds. If ever you are naughty and hurt God, it will be because you forget how much you have cost Him.'"

"What tricks and devices did we not resort to," continues the description, "in order to be awake in the night-nursery when, after dinner, mother would pass from cot to cot blessing her children, crossing their hands upon their breasts, and lulling them to sleep with such words as: 'Sweet Jesus, I do love Thee,' 'Holy Mother of God, be a tender mother to me,' 'My good Angel, watch over me and keep me this night from all sin.'"

JEFF DAVIS AND THE DOMINICAN

A new anecdote, especially interesting to Catholics, is told of Jefferson Davis and a Dominican priest in Father F. V. O'Daniel's new work, "An American Apostle, the Very Rev. Matthew A. O'Brien, O. P."

Father Matthew O'Brien was a Dominican missionary in many parts of the United States, but especially in the South and Middle West, during a large part of the nineteenth century. He was a known friend of the Southern cause and was even arrested on one occasion by the Union forces in Louisville as a suspected informer of the Confederates. But irrespective of politics, all recognized Father O'Brien as a sturdy missionary and a man to be revered. Some time after the close of the Civil War, when Father O'Brien was an old and honored priest, he was introduced to Jefferson Davis in Memphis. Perhaps the sight of the Dominican conjured up in the mind of Mr. Davis that spirit of reverence which he had learned from the white-robed Dominicans when a student in their college of St. Thomas in Springfield, Ky. At any rate, as Father H. F. Lilly, O. P., said, describing this meeting in the funeral sermon over Father O'Brien, "the venerable statesman knelt reverently down and asked the blessing of the venerable priest. It was the homage of genius to virtue, and was as honorable to the giver as to the receiver."

Achievement is a matter of applying every possible resource to a definite end.

Pointed Paragraphs

THE SUPREME EFFORT

Good Friday is the darkest and the brightest of days.

It is the darkest day for humanity. Men doing their God and Saviour to death is the very depth of its shame. It is the utmost of blindness, ingratitude and misused power.

It is the brightest day. On God's part it is the utmost of His stooping to man, of His love for man. That day was born the most consoling of words: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

There is something overwhelming about the Cross. Meditation upon it has wrought more wonders than anything else. At Lourdes bodies were and are rebuilt to healthy manhood; beneath the Cross men have been made into Saints.

"There is no practice more profitable," said St. Bonaventure, "for the entire sanctification of the soul than the frequent meditation on the sufferings of Jesus Christ."

THE SEVEN HILLS

Every school boy and girl has heard of the famous seven hills upon which, in ages past, ambitious tribesmen built the houses and walls that were to develop and expand into the magnificent city of Rome. Most school boys have followed with interest the history of those seven hills; pedestals upon which rests the throne of Rome, queen of history, queen of religion, queen of civilization.

Most Catholic school boys and girls have heard of the Seven Dolors of Our Blessed Mother. But as years roll on and the school boy and girl become the man and woman of the world, engaged with a multitude of conflicting and hence distracting interests, they forget that on those hills of sorrow, pedestals of the throne of the Queen of mercy, stands one whose beauty is grander, whose human tenderness is more keen, whose influence in behalf of civilization is more efficient than that of any human creature, whether individual or state, in all history.

And the source of her power and beauty is her connection with her Son. And it is through the consideration of her sorrows that we approach appreciation of the sorrows of her Son. And it is through the practice of the devotion of the Seven Dolors that we consistently consider her sorrows.

Take your seven dolor rosary in hand, climb the seven hills of Our Lady's sorrows, and think as you pray.

EASTER

Easter, in the main, will be what we shall have made it by Our Lent.

If we have been studying what kind of a bonnet to buy, it will probably bring us a new bonnet. What a thrill!

If there were no sacrifices of little pleasures, made in a spirit of penance for sin and love for God, we will continue to have the same half-pleasing, half-sickening pleasures. What a pity!

If there were no alms or acts of charity to those in suffering and need, there will be no resurrection, but the same old "self" will go on with its musty life shut in by a stone. What a shame!

If there has been intimacy with Our Lord, if by prayer we have gone down to Gethsemane with Him, and by sacrifice have been a glad Simon of Cyrene, and by love have followed like St. John even to Calvary, then Easter will be a day of joy to us.

We shall see Him like Magdalen and cry: Rabboni! What peace! There is still time!

"THE REDISCOVERY OF JESUS"

This is the title under which an article in a recent number of *Century* sails. Pardon the ugly familiarity of it. I am quoting.

It does sound strange to us. But when you look over the efforts and "achievements" of critics of the Bible in recent years—when you realize that they have analyzed and classified most of the Gospel out of the Bible and have fairly proven to themselves that Jesus never lived—when you see that they have whittled away the story of Our Lord's life to such an extent that nothing tangible remains, then you understand why they can speak of a rediscovery of Jesus.

There is one feature about it that is consoling. It shows that the effort to rule Him out of the Gospel and the world has failed—despite the shining panoply of pretentious criticism. It is encouraging, too, to see that they still feel the need of harking back to Jesus and have the grace to feel themselves blessed in coming once more under His influence.

But it ought to make us more and more grateful for the security we have in His possession and increase our love and appreciation of all the means that are given us to keep us close to Jesus—especially the Blessed Sacrament.

COMPARISONS AGAIN

As a matter of curious speculation, the other day we took up the current edition of the *Daily American Tribune*, perused its columns, then began comparison with the current edition of a leading secular journal. A few striking features became apparent.

Within thirty-six pages, the secular paper had approximately thirty columns of news items, which by omitting a good deal of useless details concerning divorce cases, cross-examination in the oil scandal, etc., would dwindle to about twenty-five columns. The Catholic paper in its eight pages carried about twenty-one columns of news items, well chosen, instructive as well as interesting, and proportioned in the space allotted them, by their importance, and not by the extent of the sensation they might create.

Two important Catholic items, that would surely prove of interest to the nation at large, were omitted entirely in the secular journal; but received full treatment in the Catholic paper. Articles which relied solely on their appeal to the sensual for their news-interest, were omitted in the Catholic paper entirely. In the realm of sport, the Catholic paper covered the field briefly but completely; the secular paper, being local, gave an extra page to items of local interest. In the magazine feature, the secular paper displayed more cleverness than sense; the Catholic paper, however, used the valuable space to present articles of instruction on topics vital to the Catholic reader.

The advertising section made up about three-fourths of the secular paper; the Catholic paper carried a few columns only. And here lies the secret of whatever superiority the former might possess; for

the advertising brings in the cash, and the cash brings in the writing talent.

Then we formed our conclusion. Whatever may be said in favor of this secular paper, the *Daily American Tribune* lost nothing by comparison. What it lacked in other respects, it made up in that which makes a newspaper what it is supposed to be, a journal of information. More than that, it offered the Catholic reading public, what the other paper, with all its facilities either could not or would not offer—news items pertaining to things Catholic that were of general interest. Finally, the Catholic paper was one that could be put in the hands of any member of the family; the other could not.

WHEN THE JOB IS HALF DONE

The coming of April makes Lent seem long this year. The fasting and private penitential penances are beginning to become a bore. Prospective alibis are clamoring for a hearing. Health is being undermined; nerves require the smoking of at least an occasional pipeful of our favorite mixture; medical men insist that the system needs sugar and candy becomes a necessity instead of luxury; we are beginning to weaken.

But a thought on what Our Lord suffered for us, and on how little we have done to show our appreciation, and how much we have done to increase His suffering will enable us to continue the little sacrifices we have begun.

So put the pipe back where it was, behind the clock on the mantle or down in the cellar; let the candy continue to decorate the showcase in the confectioner's store; let the old resolution, renewed with the coming of Lent, prevail.

After all, it is the least we can do.

The prudent man selects his food with caution; he fears poison. Why not prudence in selecting reading matter, wherein the poison when present is more subtle, and the results worse.

A mind well stored with the results of choice Catholic reading is a storehouse of information that benefits not only its owner but all those with whom he comes in contact.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help FLIGHT INTO EGYPT AND PERPETUAL HELP

"WHO AROSE AND TOOK THE CHILD BY NIGHT"

(a) Nothing was able to make Joseph and Mary hesitate once God's will was made known to them.

Our Lady had said: Behold the hand-maid of the Lord. She did not forget. In the dead of night she sets out with her divine Child.

She might have said: How is this? Is He not king of the world? Why, then, must He give up even His home and His cradle! Is He not God? Why, then, should He fear His own creatures?

Such obedience will Our Lady of Perpetual Help teach you in the fulfillment of all your duties. And when the carrying out of God's Will demands of you sacrifices seemingly hard and unbearable, she will be at your side to help you. Only call upon her: By your holy obedience, O Blessed Mother, help me to do God's Will.

(b) Think of the occupations and conversation of Our Lady on her precipitate flight with her Child into Egypt.

"All their conversation," continues St. Alphonsus, "as they go upon their long and weary way, is upon their dear Jesus alone—on His patience and love; and thus they console each other in the midst of the trials and sufferings of so long a journey."

This will be the sure and inestimable solace which Mary will bring to you in all your sorrow, trial, toil and hardship—the company and the conversation of Jesus.

There is no sorrow like sorrowing alone: sympathetic companionship lightens every burden. Mary will not leave us without this help. If our life is a "flight across the desert," she will bring Jesus to be our companion.

(c) Anyone can imagine that Mary must have suffered on this journey. The distance was great—perhaps 300 miles. The road was rough, for it is more than likely that they avoided the beaten paths of ordinary travel and took a less frequented way. "How did they

obtain their food? Where did they repose at night? How were they lodged?" Oh, ask a mother's heart what anxieties this must have afforded! Mary forgot her own discomfort and thought only of her tender Child. How much she must have renounced for herself in order to make Him comfortable and safe. All her thoughts were for Him.

Our life is just such a journey. We, too, are feeble and weak. Our way is long and wearisome, our struggles constant. Danger lurks everywhere.

But Our Mother is near with help for every ailment, light for every perplexity, comfort for every trouble.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help, I wish to thank you for all the favors you have granted me, a poor sinner. First, I wish to thank you for bringing about the recovery of my father when he was injured in an automobile accident; second, for bringing the light of faith to a non-Catholic who had been instructed in the true faith, but did not think it right to join when he did not believe. Catholic friends of the girl who was to marry the man if he became a Catholic prayed with her for his conversion. We gave her a picture of Our Mother of Perpetual Help and told her to join with us in devotion to her. Soon he was baptized, then made his first Holy Communion, and now they are married and very happy. I also give thanks for the little trouble I had when my tonsils and adenoids were removed. I hardly suffered after the operation and it is all due to the intercession of Our Lady. I have received many favors through her and I cannot give enough thanks."

"We wish to give thanks to Our Blessed Mother for protection in what might have been a serious accident, which we feel was averted by the protection of our Blessed Mother and the Sacred Heart."

"I wish to thank Our Lady of Perpetual Help for helping me find work. This favor was granted during a private Novena. Enclosed find money for a Mass in thanksgiving."

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help, in the Novena in your honor last May, I prayed for health and the grace to know my vocation. Now I have come to thank you for hearing my prayers, and to ask you now for the grace of perseverance in the religious life to which I believe I am called and which I shall enter in a week."

Catholic Events

Outstanding among the acts of the Holy Father this month is the honor he conferred upon our country in raising to the Cardinalate two distinguished members of the American Hierarchy: Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes of New York, and Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago. Both Archbishops were born within the limits of what is now Greater New York, the former in 1867, the latter in 1872. The United States will now be represented by four Cardinals, the largest number in American history, and all will be native born American citizens. Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, was born at Lowell, Mass., and Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, was born at Girardville, Pa.

* * *

Pope Pius, according to the *Daily Telegraph* of London, has asked Premier McDonald to intercede with the Soviet Government in favor of the Catholic clergy imprisoned in Russia. It is said Mr. McDonald is anxious to act on the Papal appeal, but feels that the matter is one of such delicacy that he cannot at this juncture do so with propriety.

* * *

London papers carry a report of an agreement reached upon the Roman Question between the Papacy and the Italian government. But so far there has been no official confirmation of the report.

* * *

Newspaper men, hitherto unrepresented in the calendar of saints, may soon count two members of the profession among the canonized: Camille Feron and Philippe Vrau, founders of the great Catholic daily paper, "La Croix" (France), and the Catholic publishing concern, "La Bonne Presse," which prints numerous Catholic periodicals. Their cause was introduced five years ago.

* * *

The Benson Club of Sterling, Ill., has aroused the interest of clergy and laymen in all parts of the country. The club was organized six years ago. Its membership at present is 175 converts to Catholicism from Sacred Heart and St. Mary's parishes of Sterling. A class of fifteen is now studying under the direction of Father Burns, who gives instructions twice a week, to those desiring to learn the principles of Catholicism. Last year 37 conversions were made in St. Mary's Parish.

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The death of the Rt. Rev. Nepomucene Jaeger, O.S.B., Abbot of St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Ill., who passed away recently, closed a varied and striking career. Among other talents, Abbot Nepomucene possessed musicianship of a high order. Before leaving the world at the age of 27, he had been first violinist of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, and later joined the Chicago Symphony Orches-

tra. As a priest and Abbot, he gave his attention to laboring for the welfare of the foreign-born in the United States.

* * *

Four Osage Indians will visit the holy places in Palestine and be received in audience by the Holy Father in Rome with the American pilgrimage which leaves America in March. The Indians will wear their tribal robes on special occasions during the trip, and so the Vatican will witness the unusual sight of American Indians in tribal costume being received by the Pope.

* * *

A notable gift to the cause of Catholic Hospital work in the United States was the presentation of \$100,000 to St. Raphael's Hospital of New Haven, Conn., by Truman S. Lewis, a retired manufacturer and a non-Catholic. The money is intended to provide a home for nurses, and was given in honor of the donor's wife, the late Selina M. Lewis.

* * *

St. Louis University will broadcast a series of lectures on "The Catholic Church, Its Doctrine and Practice." The station, WEW, operates on 261 meters, with a radius of 500 miles.

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El Boletín Católico, a Catholic periodical published in Cebu, Philippine Islands, carries an interesting summary of the missionary labors of the Redemptorist Fathers in the Visayan Islands for the year 1923. In the diocese of Cebu, Province of Bohol, missions were given in sixteen places, during which, the lowest number of confessions heard in one place was 170; the highest 7,550. The lowest number of Communions distributed in one place was 650; the highest, 26,320. In the diocese of Jaro, missions were conducted in ten places. The lowest number of confessions heard in one place was 480; the highest, 7,424. The lowest number of Communions distributed was 760; the highest, 23,000. The total number of confessions heard in both series of missions was 85,638; the total number of Communions distributed was 289,962. During these missions, 1,217 marriages were rectified, and over 1,500 people were either converted or reconciled to the Church. On the other hand, the work of the Master cost the life of one young Father, the Rev. Ulic Cronin, C.Ss.R. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

* * *

A report of the activities of the Redemptorist Fathers in Czechoslovakia for 1922 gives the personnel of the Order there as 87 priests, 19 novices, and 44 lay brothers. During that year, the Fathers delivered 2,726 sermons and distributed Communion to 470,296 persons in the churches under their care. In addition to this, they also gave missions and retreats outside of their own churches.

* * *

The Redemptorist Fathers in the St. Louis province have been engaged in intensive Lenten work consisting of Missions and series of Lenten sermons and lectures. Notable among their activities, is a retreat that was conducted at St. Paul's University Chapel, at the University of Wisconsin, from March 9 to March 16. Services were con-

ducted morning and evening. In spite of the chilly weather, and the fact that classes were in session at 8 o'clock, the chapel was filled every morning at 6:45 for the Mass and instruction. In the evening, the chapel, which seats 400, was filled to its utmost capacity. And this in spite of the fact that a number of distracting events, including a championship basket ball match, were in progress during the course of the week. It is estimated that about 3,000 received Holy Communion during the week.

* * *

A solemn Novena in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was given in Omaha during March. Father James Moye, C.Ss.R., of Detroit, Mich., conducted the services. The shrine of Our Lady at Omaha has seen the granting of many extraordinary favors during the past five years. Carefully kept records attest that 4,367 thanksgivings have been returned for favors granted through Mary's intercession.

* * *

New York is still hot on the trail of purveyors of unclean literature. Two prosperous book dealers recently brought up for trial before Justice Maloy of the Court of Special Sessions, expected to get a lecture and a small fine. The Justice, on the contrary, imposed one of the most severe penalties ever given for such an offense. As the men had pleaded guilty, they cannot appeal or escape immediate service of their sentences.

* * *

Professor L. Kirsopp Lake of Harvard University, considered one of the leading authorities in America on religious matters, issued a warning recently in an address at Cambridge, Mass. He said that the existing controversy between different groups of Christians will result in a period of disruption which will drive thousands from the non-Catholic churches.

* * *

Note the association! Seven men, fourteen cases of liquor, two speedboats and 9,000 obscene books and pictures were captured at New York by customs harbor agents. Speaking of the captured articles, John L. Sumner, secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, said that they were "typical of the obscene literature being smuggled into this country for surreptitious purchase by school children."

* * *

The House of Representatives of New Jersey has put itself on record as favoring an amendment to the preamble to the Constitution which should contain a formal recognition of Jesus Christ as "Saviour and King." The petition containing the suggestion has been referred to the House Committee on the Judiciary.

* * *

According to the recent report of the Catholic Home Finding Association of Illinois, a Knights of Columbus organization, 114 homeless children were placed in homes during the past year, making a grand total of 993 so placed during the past nine years. Bishop Muldoon of Rockford is the founder of the home-finding work.

— THE — Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Why is the Pope elected as a general rule an Italian?

The Pope elected is generally an Italian because the cardinals, who elect him no doubt are convinced that it is to the best interests of the Church that an Italian be elevated to the papacy. The Pope is not only the Head of the Universal Church but also the Bishop of Rome, an Italian city, and therefore it is more or less fitting that a native of that country should be the bishop of their principal city. However, if the good of the Church would demand it, the electors of the Pope would not hesitate to elect a member of another nationality, as was not unfrequently done in the past. Each cardinal immediately before he casts his secret ballot takes this oath: "Christ, the Lord, who will judge me, I call to witness, that I am selecting the one, who before God, I judge ought to be elected."

Why are there more Italian cardinals than any other nationality?

The Italians are in the majority among the cardinals because there are more Italians available for the different offices to which the cardinalatial dignity is attached. The Pope cannot personally attend to all the affairs of the Church. Accordingly a great deal of the detail work of governing the Church is divided among committees, which are called Congregations and the cardinals by virtue of their office are the heads and members of these committees. When the question comes up of promoting some priest to take charge of one of these committees, naturally one is selected who is familiar with the work and since, as a rule, Italian priests, being resident in Rome, take up the work of the minor officials of these committees, they are the candidates most available. They have for years done this kind of work and hence they are more capable of directing such a Congregation than an outsider would be, who is unacquainted with the work to be done. Even among these, there are some cardinals who

are not Italians, who for some reason or other were drawn into this work as simple priests and therefore qualified for these positions, such as Cardinal Van Rossum, a native of Holland and a Redemptorist, who is in charge of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith; Cardinal Merry del Val, who is Spanish-English, who under Pope Pius X was Secretary of State and is now the Secretary of the Holy Office, one of the most important of the Congregations; Cardinal Billot, who is considered one of the greatest of the living theologians, is a Frenchman; Cardinals Fruhwirth and Ehrle are Germans; Cardinal Gasquet, a recognized authority in History, is an Englishman.

Besides these cardinals, who help the Pope directly and immediately in the government of the Church and hence are resident in Rome, there are other Cardinals, who live outside of Rome and are selected for this honor as a recognition of distinguished personal services and qualities and also as a mark of honor to the nation to which they belong or to the episcopal see, of which they are occupants, as for instance Archbishop Hayes of New York and Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago.

What is contained in the little silken or leather covers, that are called Agnus Deis?

A small piece of wax, which has on it the impress of a figure of a lamb bearing a banner. The wax typifies the Body of Christ, the lamb is a symbol of the Victim of Calvary, the banner signifies the victory of our Lord over sin and death.

These Agnus Deis are blessed by the Pope in the first year of his reign and every seventh year thereafter on the Wednesday of Easter week. The prayers used in the blessing show that the Agnus Dei is intended as a protection against the spirits of evil, against sickness, against storms and pestilences, fire and flood, temptations and sudden death

Some Good Books

Mary Rose at Boarding School. By Mary Mabel Wirries, published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.00; postage extra.

Mary Rose, I feel sure, will be the delight of girl readers. It is a lively story of a "real" girl, but also a girl of character.

It is a pleasure to make the acquaintance of Mary Rose and her companions at Boarding School; their escapades provide fun on many a page; now and then eyes must glisten too, as tragedy creeps into school-life.

Every chapter is full of interest and at the close of the book, no doubt, you will say: I wish I could get to know more about Mary Rose.

Mystic Voices. Being the Experiences of Rev. Philip Rivers Pater, Squire and Priest (1834-1913). By Roger Pater. Published by P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York. Price, post-paid, \$1.85.

The title puzzled me. It did not sound like a book of stories. I began with some hesitation. Soon I found that it was a collection of short stories—a series of wonderful experiences. The first story stunned me, as everything mysterious is apt to baffle and stun one.

But there was no stopping once the spell of the book was on me. Every experience is so touching, so mysterious, so full of appeal and human interest, you are bound to wonder what the next one will bring. The very simplicity of the narrator's manner strikes you and the purity and charm of the style captivates you.

Passionist Mission Book. Published by D. B. Hansen and Sons, Chicago. Price, cloth, 50 cents; imitation leather, 75 cents; real leather, \$1.00.

The sub-title explains the character of this prayer book more fully: Thoughts on the Sacred Passion with Instructions and Devotions.

The thoughts on the Sacred Passion cover about one hundred pages. There is no question about it, they are beau-

tiful and will be very profitable to every one who uses them.

The Devotions and Instructions cover the remaining two hundred pages. They include prayers for the day, for Mass, for Confession, for Communion, and other occasions, chosen from various sources—generally such as have reference to the Passion of Our Lord.

Stations of the Way of the Cross. With Pictures in fine Colors. Text arranged by Fathers of the Order of St. Francis. Published by Matre and Co., Chicago. Price, 15 cents; \$1.50 a dozen.

This is a very useful little booklet. The Stations are a devotion especially suited to the present season, but dear to Catholics the year round. The prayers are full of meaning and devotion. The pictures are beautiful.

Go to Joseph. Our Unfailing Mediator. By Very Rev. Alexis M. Lepicier, C.S.M. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$1.50, postage extra.

There are offered us here, we are told in the sub-title: Considerations on the Life and Virtues of St. Joseph, with examples, for each day of the month.

Every Catholic loves St. Joseph. Everybody feels, in a vague way at least, the dignity and intercessory power of the Saint. In this book we have the evidence that gives us a clearer understanding of the former and a deeper sense of the latter. Devotion is cleared of the objection of being mere sentiment, by having its theological foundations laid bare.

Papini's Prayer to Christ. Translated by Veronica Dwight. Published by The America Press, New York. Price, 10 cents; 50 copies for \$4.00.

This is one of the parts of the famous Life of Christ by Papini, which was omitted in the translation by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. We cannot see why it was omitted. We are glad that it is now made accessible to American readers.

Lucid Intervals

Judge Parry, in his book "The Seven Lamps of Advocacy," tells the following story:

"Lord Mansfield paid little attention to religious holidays. He would sit on Ash Wednesday, to the scandal of some members of the bar, whose protests made no impression upon him. At the end of Lent he suggested that the court might sit on Good Friday. The members of the bar were horrified. Sergeant Davy, who was in the case, bowed in acceptance of the proposition.

"If your lordship pleases; but your lordship will be the first judge that has done so since Pontius Pilate."

"The court adjourned until Saturday."

Bilkins had no love for his wife's little pet dog, but one day when it mysteriously disappeared he offered \$25 reward for its recovery.

"But I thought," said a friend, "you hated that dog like poison?"

"So I did," replied Bilkins, "I could not bear it."

"Then why on earth did you offer such a big reward for its return?"

"I like to please my wife."

"Well, that may be, but \$25 is sure to bring the dog back!"

"I think not," answered Bilkins, "unless some one saw me bury it in the garden."

Maude: "Generally speaking, women are—"

Nasty Man (interrupting): "Yes, they are."

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."

Negro Passenger—"Why don't you all put your foot where it belongs?"

Tough Guy—"If I did, you wouldn't sit down for a week."

"I is—," began Tommy.

"I am," not "I is," corrected the teacher promptly.

"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," finished Tommy.

Mr. Swivel was much perturbed to find that the three pounds of meat which he had purchased for dinner had mysteriously disappeared. His wife, aiding in the search and noticing what she took to be a guilty look on the face of the family cat, pointed to it, and said:

"There's the meat."

"Why, no," objected Swivel, "that little thing couldn't get away with three pounds of meat. Still, let's weigh her and find out."

They did so. The scales registered an even three pounds.

"Yes," he admitted in puzzled tones, "there's the meat all right, but where's the cat?"

An American sergeant in Germany learned that the little town in which he was located had once been the home of Martin Luther. Desiring more information, he asked a German-speaking doughboy to get the facts from some of the residents.

A day or so later the doughboy, writhing in merriment, went to see him.

"By gosh, that's one on you, sarge," he chortled. "That guy Luther you've been asking about? Say, that baby's been dead three hundred years."

Mose Lightfoot, one of the best hod-carriers on the job, lost his footing and fell to the street, four stories below.

Mose lit on his head, struck the cement pavement and went through to the basement.

When the foreman went to the basement, expecting to find Mose cold and stiff, he met Mose coming up the steps.

"Great Scott, man, aren't you killed?" he cried.

"No," Mose replied, dusting off his clothes, "I guess dat concrete pavement musta broke mah fall."

She—"You raised your hat to that girl you passed. You don't know her, do you?"

He—"No, but my brother does and this is his hat."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the courses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

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Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis), \$804.69; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church), \$1,139.35; Burse of St. Joseph, \$642.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,827.00; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$238.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$152.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$242.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$120.00; Burse of St. Peter, \$105.00.

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